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FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

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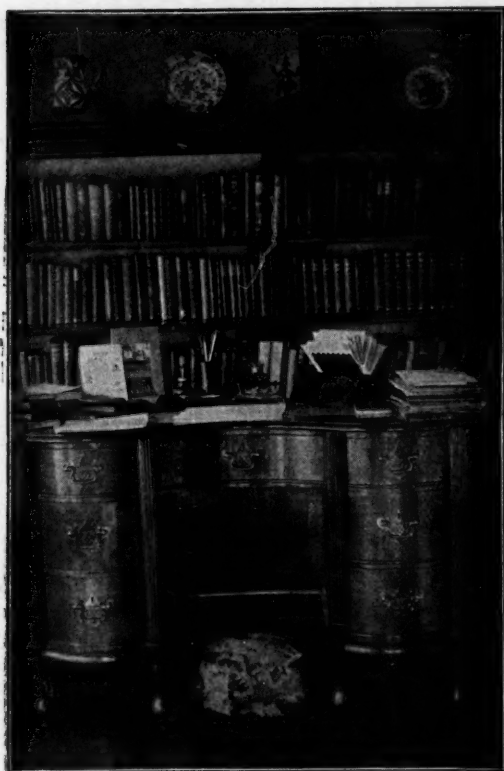
Radiance

THE mighty master, Michael Angelo,
While working with his chisel, oft was known
To place above his head a candle prone,
That every stroke should be within its glow,
That he across his art should never throw
The shadow of himself; but carve each stone
In free accord with promptings from the Throne
To his responsive genius here below.

So may Thy love above my forehead shine
That neither shadows of a weary mood
Nor dark reflections of a sorrowed mind
Shall mar the lives God wills me to refine.
But ever may Thy loving spirit brood
O'er all my daily toil for human-kind.

—The Outlook

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



"It is a glorious thing to have good news to carry anywhere," said Dr. Grenfell, the hero missionary of the Labrador coast. We believe that to be the feeling of our own missionaries, and so we rejoice with Mrs. Hamlen and Miss Barnes on their return to India, wishing for them and Arthur Coldren, who goes in their company, a good voyage and a happy home coming on the other side. They were booked to sail from Boston on the Saxonian, Cunard Line, October 16. . . . Prof. Brackett writes from Storer College, "School opens very well indeed. More students the first week than for years past." If you carefully read all that appears in

this number about Storer, you will surely feel that a new era of usefulness is opening for our work at Harper's Ferry. . . . The articles and letters from the Cradle Roll Secretary are especially for the Advanced Light Bearers. All children—even those of a "larger growth"—will be interested in the brown babies and white children in India. Do not fail to note the address of the new C. R. Secretary. The resignation of Mrs. Mitchell was received with much regret, but we welcome Mrs. Laura Hartley to the work. . . . At her own request, the name of Mrs. Mary R. Wade was removed, at Annual Meeting, from the active Board of Managers, of which she has been a loyal and efficient member for more than a quarter of a century. She was immediately made an honorary member, and Mrs. Cousins, President of the Maine W. M. S., paid loving tribute to Mrs. Wade's fidelity and wise counsel, as well as to her former activity, saying that she did not believe in waiting until our workers are dead to speak of their virtues and of our appreciation.

ECHOES OF ANNUAL MEETING

Perfect weather and the cordial hospitality of our hostesses made a grateful setting for the thirty-third Annual Meeting of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, held in the Paige Street church, Lowell, Mass., October ten and eleven. Although fewer members of the society were present than usual, there was a strong working force, and much was accomplished.

The presence of our missionary to India, Miss Barnes; the Western representative, Mrs. Carrie A. Miles, of Iowa; and Mrs. Coralie Franklin Cook, of Washington, was a help and inspiration throughout the Convention.

The editor can give only a glimpse in passing—or rather, a fleeting echo—of all that happened in the two days, but our Recording Secretary will bring the facts to you in full measure in the December HELPER. Wednesday afternoon and evening were devoted to Board meetings. A few of the reports sounded the note of discouragement Thursday forenoon; a few did not do justice to the amount of work actually accomplished, but others were of most cheering significance. Our Treasurer never has a deficit to report—do we half realize all that means, and how thankful we should be? The Thank-offering was larger than ever before; Mrs. Andrews reported over two hundred new subscribers to the HELPER; another baby in India has been adopted by the Little Light Bearers in America, and the Cradle Roll Secretary's report showed other proofs of growth; the Bureau of Missionary Intelligence is sending out more supplies and reaching more people than heretofore; a part of the India report was intensely interesting, as well as of vital importance with its record of some of the fruits of the revival, including the baptism of ten of our girls in Sinclair Orphanage; reports from Storer College were especially gratifying, and plans for further enlargement were brought before the Board of Managers. Our Western workers have great difficulty in getting reports of what has actually been done, but our Home Secretary for the West, Miss Kelso, of Michigan, is doing her faithful best which we believe will be increasingly successful. Do help her, dear Western friends! Miss Barnes' visits among the churches have given fresh zeal, some new auxiliaries have been organized, others are taking on new work, and Miss Moody writes: "In the reports received the testimony to the helpfulness of the MISSIONARY HELPER has been quite universal and especially gratifying." Mrs. Miles was sent as Western dele-

gate, and the chairman of the Western committee wrote that they believed that mutual acquaintance would result in mutual good, to which the convention most heartily assented in its welcome to Mrs. Miles.

The brief but helpful devotionals were led by Miss Mellows, of Massachusetts, and Miss Barnes. The address of the President, Mrs. Mary A. Davis, Thursday afternoon, was very carefully prepared, finely written and delivered, and gave food for thought, with its resume of our several departments of work, their growth and their needs. It was followed by discussion of the several points presented. The action of the National Council of Women on Peace and Arbitration, Child Labor and Equal Suffrage was endorsed. Miss Ida H. Fullonton, of Maine, was appointed a committee on peace, in accordance with the request of the Council, with which the National F. B. W. M. S. is affiliated. Strong resolutions were passed which will appear in full, later.

Before the election of officers, it was voted to take a bit of rest and relaxation and invite Mrs. Coralie Franklin Cook to entertain us with readings; this she did most charmingly, with selections from Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

Earlier in the afternoon Mrs. Miles, Western delegate, was introduced and gave interesting glimpses of her own and other work in the West. It was a privilege to have her in the East, and all who were there wish that just such a connecting link might be in evidence at each Annual Meeting. Our former editor, and beloved worker along many lines, Mrs. Emeline Burlingame-Cheney, of California, sent the following greeting: "My heart goes out in loving sympathy to my comrades in work and the recruits to their numbers. That God's richest blessing may rest upon one and all, giving clearness in vision, wisdom in planning and guidance in acting, is the wish of your friend and comrade." The poem written on Mrs. Cheney's seventieth birthday was then read by Mrs. Cook. It was voted that heart-warm thanks, loving greeting and best wishes be returned to our comrade on the Pacific coast.

There was an attractive public meeting in the evening, with special music furnished by the choir and soloists. Miss Barnes, whom we love, told the story of her work in India and her joy in returning to it; Mrs. Cook gave a brilliant address which might fittingly be called "Lights and Shadows in the Shenandoah Valley." The shadows appalled us. The "light" will shine in the HELPER by and by.

Miss DeMeritte awarded the silver necklet to New Hampshire, which well deserves it. Mrs. Osgood received it in behalf of the state. A motion of thanks to Miss Annie Brooks of Portland, Me., for her generous gifts of time and labor in caring for the India boxes, was heartily adopted.

The convention closed and good-byes were said, but especially "Bon voyage" and "God bless you" to our outgoing missionaries, Miss Barnes and Mrs. Hamlen.

NOTES FROM THE CRADLE ROLL SECRETARY

JULIA TURNER MITCHELL

The General Secretary sends cordial greetings to all our Little Light Bearers and to our Advanced Light Bearers in particular. I hope that you will enjoy this number of *THE HELPER*, as several of the articles were written especially for our Advanced Light Bearers. The best news for all Cradle Roll members and workers is that we have a new baby to support, little Padi. We will hear more about her, later, and perhaps we can get a picture of her ladyship. Now can't we have at least fifteen new rolls and twenty new Single Light Bearers to share the expenses of our newly adopted "Padi?"

The annual gathering of the Advanced Light Bearers of the Pawtucket First Free Baptist Church was held in the vestry, Saturday afternoon, June 3rd, from three to six o'clock. Eighteen of the twenty-five members were present, who opened the meeting by singing, one of the girls presiding at the piano; this was followed by prayer. The selections read by the members were extracts from various *HELPERS*, treating on the life of the children in India, such as their homes, schools, pleasures, etc.; we also took up, separately, the characters of the four orphan children which are being cared for at the orphanage. Mrs. Roberts (mother of the Light Bearers) next gave an imaginary trip from here to India, using a map, stopping at the various stations, making us acquainted with the missionaries and their families at each place. The leader gave to several of the boys and girls the name of some child in India, either the son or daughter of a missionary or one of the Cradle Roll wards, for the next meeting, at which time they will tell what they have found out about them. In this way they will feel that mission work is real and will look forward to the next meeting. The mite boxes, which contained \$6.60 were opened. Refreshments were served, after which an hour was spent in playing games and general fun. In striving to educate the boys and girls in missions we believe that love for the work will come to each one as he grows older.

MISS ANNA DAVIS, *Supt.*

The Advanced Light Bearers and the cradle roll of Little Light Bearers, juvenile organizations in connection with the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, Fort Fairfield, Me., held their annual

rally Tuesday, August 7, at 2 p. m. in the vestry of the Free Baptist church, under the direction of Mrs. Ruth Jones, superintendent of that department.

By the aid of rugs, rockers, and easy chairs the vestry presented a very homelike appearance. The organ, stands, and windows were profusely decorated with beautiful bouquets.

There were recitations by Goldie Parks, Annie Webb, Eliza Everett, Ivan Morrell, Pearl Brown, Easter Scott, and Helen Trafton. Sweet little solos were sung by Beulah Churchill and Myra Trafton. Mrs. Currier furnished several selections on the graphophone.

The mite-boxes were then broken, and their contents, which had been collecting for a year, were poured out. Light refreshments were served.

Many mothers with their children were present.

THE CRADLE ROLL CHILDREN

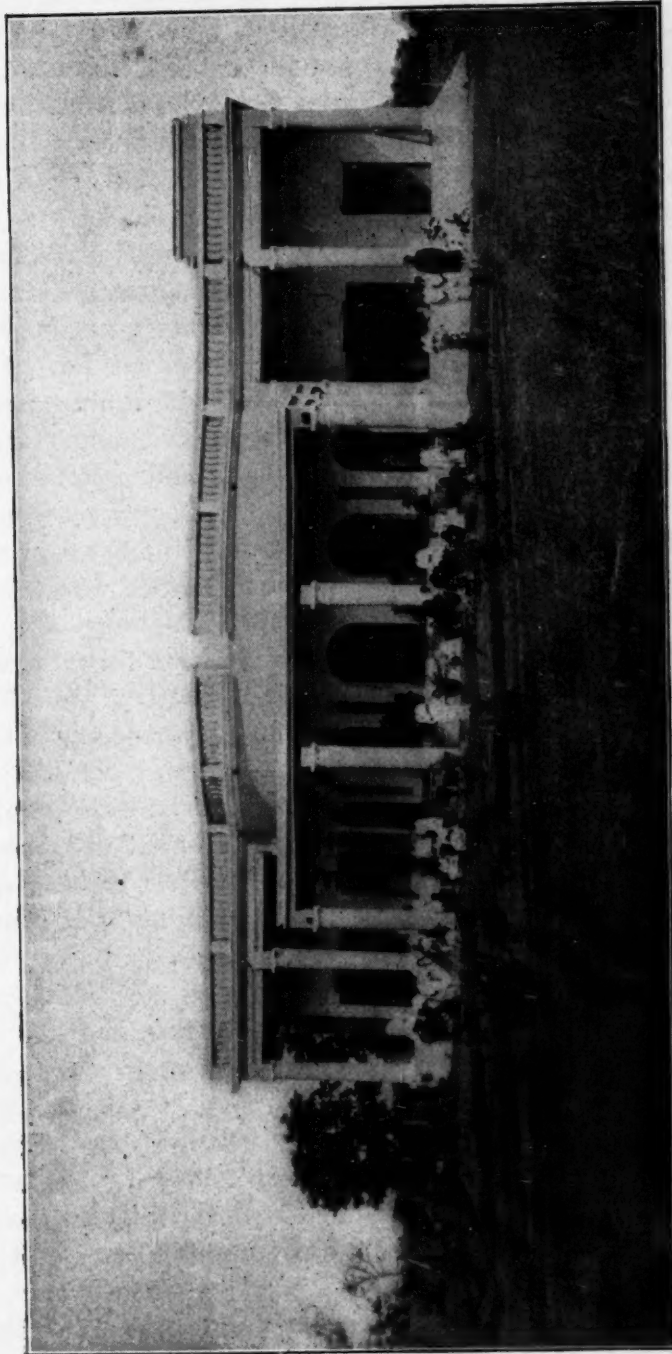
SUBODBALA, BIJOU, ANA, JENNIE AND PADI

Miss Dawson writes:—No doubt you would like to hear a little about the children the Cradle Roll is supporting in Sinclair Orphanage.

Subodbala and Bijou are big girls now, Ana and Jennie are small. Subodbala has been much laid on our hearts the last few months. For a little while she seemed so "almost persuaded" to be a Christian, then drew back. I do wish you would join in prayer specially for her. She is a bright bonny girl, but there is this one thing lacking.

Bijou has been converted and baptised. When examined by the committee, she was very clear and definite in her answers; one answer especially comes to my mind. When asked how she knew she had received salvation, she replied: "Because my mind is changed. Before, I used to often take fruit and vegetables from the garden, when no one was looking; but now, when Satan tempts me, I pray that I may not yield. One day I saw a beautiful ripe tomato and felt so tempted to take it, but something in my heart said, 'Run away, run away, Satan is in that tomato,' and," she continued with a look of triumph in her face, "I did." Since her conversion, Bijou has been trying very hard to follow Jesus and serve Him. Several times she has stood up in church and given her testimony.

Ana is one of those little girls who is rather more fond of play than of work, and is inclined to shirk when possible. She used to cause a



SINCLAIR ORPHANAGE

great deal of trouble by her untidy, dirty ways, but she is improving in that respect. She still goes to kindergarten, but next year I suppose she will be transferred to the girls' school on the Compound. She has many winning little ways and gets along very well with the other children. She is a member of the Junior Christian Endeavor and goes to Sunday School every Sunday.

We always think of Jennie as a bundle of sweetness. She is as pretty and smiling and sweet as a child can be. Her teacher tells me she is not very bright at her lessons, but that is not to be wondered at when we think that none of her forefathers were ever taught to read. She and three other kindergarten children used to have their little "church," as they called it, every day. They would come into my room and sit on the floor, with opened books, and sing and pray. Of course not read, but would open the books and pretend to, just as American children would do.

They are very fond of playing house, and will make a mud fireplace and cook rice and curry of sand. Sometimes Jennie would bring some to me on a broken piece of china and say, "Mamma, eat it." She would be delighted when I pretended to. These little incidents will help you to understand how like other children they are. They have their little joys and sorrows, and laugh, and play, and cry with childish energy.

Of our newly adopted Cradle Roll baby, Dr. Shirley Smith wrote, on June 19, "I have a new baby, Padi, only about one and one half months old, a dear little thing. I should like her to be given to the Cradle Roll when they want another child. I think it is nicest for the Cradle Roll to support babies."

OUR MISSIONARIES CHILDREN

Our children in America will be delighted to get this glimpse of three of the children of our missionaries in India. Ada Bell Kennan is about twelve years old, her brother Albert about seven. They are attending a school in Darjeeling for European children. Roland Murphy is about twelve years old. He wrote the letters on shipboard, on his way to America to enter school, leaving his parents in Contai. "Marguerite" is Marguerite Lougher who returned to America, at the same time, with her mother and baby sister. They are now with Mrs. Lougher's father and mother in Jackson, Mich.

DEAR HELPER READERS—

Two of our babies have climbed out of their cradles and gone to school. In my desk is a drawer in which I have a large handful of letters from them which to me are very precious. I have sorted and made of these two composite photographs for you.

"Queen's Hill School, Darjeeling, April to July, '06. My Dear Mama:—I hope you are quite well. Albert and I have each got a badge of honor. I am getting on with my studies much better than last year. Mama, dear, I want something to do. Please send the parcel quick and send some patterns of my big doll's dresses, and cloth enough to make some dresses, and a pair of scissors with the cloth. Please send some fruit, too. I am glad to hear that the revival is going on. I wish I could be there because I could give you some revival hymns. I think I can send the book. Please send me a copy of the "Ninety and Nine." Please tell Miss Wisner to buy us some mangoes. Please send me some thread. Mama, dear, please send us some more money because we have got only about four annas left. I am sending you some ferns and a pansy today. How are Pornige, Kokeela and Salgae? (Girls in the orphanage.) How are the pigeons? I heard that Hope and her pups were in Midnapore. Keep the two pups till I come home and then I will tell you what to do. (!) An awful accident happened this morning. When the five o'clock train came in it ran off the line. We went to see it and when we saw it the carriages were smashed. The engine broke the house of the dhoba who used to wash our clothes. They were trying and trying to get the engine up on the line again. An old babu took a photo of it while they were lifting. It was very nice fun when we were there. We saw that no one was hurt. It began to rain then, and is still raining. Albert was drawing I think when I went up to get the letter. I am sorry the little boy died."

Ada Bell here refers to Abhoi who was the youngest child in the Orphanage. He was blind and had never been well. Our kind Father took the little sufferer home a few weeks ago. In her last she says that Lena Wyman and she have just had their Bible examinations and gave their standings, which were good. Her letter closes with "love and kisses from your little girl, Ada Bell, and there follow from twenty to a hundred kisses counted and the number given. They are big kisses and little kisses, kisses with noses, mouths and wide open eyes, and kisses that must have gone to sleep for they have no eyes. They are all very

sweet to papa and mama. With the parcel of aprons for herself, to which she refers, I sent the coveted dolly clothes all cut according to later directions. Mrs. Wyman saw her under a tree one day in May, making dolly's new lady dresses. Dolly has worn long baby dresses until now.

"Queen's Hill School, May to July, '06, My Dear Papa—How are you at your work? How is little brother? I am all right at school. I am nearly at the top of my class (kindergarten) and I think I may be in the first standard next year. We have got new railings around our see-saw. I went to the picnic on Thursday with the other children. How are the puppy dogs? Ada Bell is sending some ferns. The weather up here is getting warmer (May 27) and we are wearing cotton. Please send us some mangoes. I went to a party. I did a map. I got some crackers. Papa, how are the pigeons and how are the ponies, Jimmie and Skyrocket? Please, may we have the cocoa to drink? I was ill but I am all right now. It has been raining today. We have both finished our sweets (candies). Please send us some more. (!) I went to a little boy's party. He is a nice boy and he is in the same class I am. Please return the map. With love and kisses from your little boy, Albert."

There is one little boy with brown eyes and yellow hair who still sleeps in the babies bed in the Bhimpore bungalow. When he says his prayer at night he explains that "my soul to take" means to take my heart to heaven—like Abhoi." Floyd loved Abhoi and though he was blind, taught him to build sand houses, to play hide and coop, to run, and to jump from a chair to a mat on the floor. In all the months they played together Abhoi never got a bump or a fall. Roistering, mischievous little Suni, the tease of the Girls' house, is his other playmate. They go to kindergarten twice a day and coax mama for a slice of bread afterwards. Of course something sweeter will do but bread is very nice. He has a puppy dog, Cheepy, who bites a rag and pulls and growls with all his might while his little master drags him the length of the long verandas and through the house as fast as he can go, laughing at the top of his voice. Baby, as we often call him, likes to sing, and is fond of the chorus of one of the new Bengali hymns. Translated, the last lines run:

"I'll live, I'll help others to live,
I'll surely go to heaven."

He has adapted this to the requirements of his own understanding by changing the last line to

"I'll surely go to meeting."

What is nicer than to go to meeting with a lot of children and grown people who sing with all their souls and clap their hands with all their might?

Very sincerely yours,

BELLE R. KENNAN.

"S. S. Kut Sang," 21, 7, '06.

My Dear Father and Mother:—

Day after tomorrow we will get to Hong Kong; we had to slow up a little because the captain said we would get in ahead of time, because the weather is so fine.

I guess I am getting over being homesick, now, although I do feel a little bad at times, but I will get over that when I get to Grandpa's. I was quite seasick one day and did not go in to eat until this morning, which is the fourth day. I only had a little to eat on deck. I do not see why it is so; before, when we came out, I only got seasick once; but this time I am sick all the time. We are taking a corpse to Hong Kong; it was taken on at Singapore. The captain took Marguerite and myself on shore at Singapore and hired rick-shaws for us, and all out of his own money, he even paid the tram fare to go to the town, which is a long way from the wharf. Singapore is a very fine place. We are pretty sure to catch the "Korea" if nothing happens, but I wish our journey was finished, I feel so dull when I am sick.

We see the Chinamen eating every day. I could eat the way they do it. It is quite easy. They put their mouths right next to their rice and just shove it in; the meat and all they pick up with sticks, like Dr. Ward showed us. We have not been in a storm yet but it has rained some; it is raining now, but the sea is very still; so still that you can see a white speck way out on the water. The sea is just like a great lake, but still this old ship is rocking like a tub, it is awful. I don't see why it should. My Chinese boy gives me fruit in the morning, so I am well off.

"S. S. Korea," 25, 7, '06.

We are on the Korea at last; it is a fine ship; you should see it; everything is so fine and we have American things to eat,—pumpkin pies, baked apple dumplings and fried potatoes, so different from what I have had for a long while, and I am getting my appetite back.

I do not feel at home as much as I did on the "Kut Sang," because I knew all the officers, and they spoke to me and told me things. The

captain was very good to us all the time. He took us all over Hong Kong and showed us everything. We went to the Peak in the Peak railway. It goes up a steep slant and is pulled up by a cable which is wound up at the top by machinery. You must not forget to go up when you come to Hong Kong. Hong Kong is built on a mountain side, and when you go up the peak you can see the harbor.

I did not feel sick, I was only sick last night. I prayed and prayed till God answered me. There are twenty-five passengers on this boat. It is just like a big hotel, everything is just like on land, but for a little rocking of the boat. We will arrive in Shanghai day after tomorrow... We have had a very lucky trip so far, have not been in a single storm. Isn't it funny, this ship rocks pretty nearly as much as the "Kut Sang," but I do not feel sick, neither does Mrs. Lougher. She used to get sick when I did.

From your loving son,

ROLAND E. MURPHY.—

WORK FOR STORER COLLEGE

(A paper read at a public meeting of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society at Ocean Park, Me., Aug. 18, 1906, by Alice M. Metcalf.)

Whenever denominational home mission work is mentioned, our thoughts naturally turn to Storer College as the most important. While the institution has been nurtured and cared for by the whole F. B. denomination, yet no part of it has done and is doing more to shape the policies of the school than the F. B. Woman's Missionary Society. When Mr. Cristy put into our hands a sum of money to be used for the education of the colored people, he also placed upon us a great responsibility. How we have met and carried those responsibilities is known to the most of you who are before me.

Six teachers are now supported by our society, and, what is better still, it is not our money alone which aids the institution, but the anxious thought and prayers of all our loyal women are added. We are not satisfied to learn from reports or hearsay of the work, but it is our purpose to have a representative to visit the school each year. That representative is a member of the Board of Trustees and has a voice in the deliberations of that body.

I am told that before this, year after year would pass and not a single Northern trustee would attend the meetings. Do you wonder that these faithful workers were discouraged when they saw how little interest was manifest in their work?

Ten years ago, by your recommendation, I was elected a member of the Board of Trustees and, later, it was voted to send me to Storer each year as your representative. It has been possible for me to go often, and I assure you a great deal of pleasure has come into my life through these annual visits; at the same time I trust some good has been accomplished for the Society and the Institution.

Two years in succession President McDonald had come before our Board of Managers and asked that we do something to make pleasanter the rooms in Myrtle and Lincoln Halls at Storer. It was arranged that our Society should do all it could by making appeals in the *HELPER*, and that Mr. McDonald should write to those who originally furnished the rooms, asking for a renewal.

A few rooms were furnished or, rather, money was sent for that purpose during the year.

Sickness and death came into the family of Mr. McDonald, so it was impossible for him to carry out his plan. The second time he came to our Board with his heart burdened because of the condition of the students' rooms. The thought came to me that possibly I might do something to help, if only the way would open. I expressed this desire to our Treasurer, and at the annual meeting at Somersworth I was asked to help Mr. McDonald in this work. I have thanked you in my heart many times for asking me, for it has brought a blessed year of service and one which I have enjoyed.

It was arranged that I should take the list of names printed Oct. 12, 1905, in *The Morning Star* and write to those who had furnished rooms in Myrtle Hall, and Mr. McDonald would do the same for Lincoln Hall.

I began my work on my way home from annual meeting at Somersworth. I asked several women if I might write to their auxiliaries, always with the understanding that this should be special work and in no way interfere with regular contributions.

My first pledge came from the Roger William Auxiliary, in Providence. The president said I might write her auxiliary, but that their annual meeting would be held the following Tuesday. Almost as soon as I arrived home I wrote. It was acted on Tuesday, and on Wednesday

the Secretary wrote me that their auxiliary would furnish a room, in full, in Lincoln Hall. This gave me great courage, and I pledged myself that not a day should pass for three months without my having written to some one about Storer.

Many of those who originally furnished the rooms had gone and we could not reach their friends, so appeals must be made to those who had not already done anything for the school. I wrote to pastors, Sunday School superintendents, C. E. Societies, Woman's Auxiliaries and individuals. I received very few refusals, and none except from those who were already doing all they could. You all are acquainted with our plan of work. The sum asked for refurnishing a room in Myrtle Hall was \$20. In Lincoln Hall there never had been any dressers, so \$20 was asked for a room in Lincoln Hall, the dresser to be paid for extra.

While there has been much hard work and self-denial in the furnishing of these rooms, on the part of the donors, there has also been a sentimental and pathetic side to it. Many have been anxious to remember dear ones who have passed on, and so while the *old* names remain above the doors, where they have been for so many years, new ones are to be placed beneath these, that the two may testify to the continued interest in Storer. It may be of interest to you to hear about some of these: At the time I wrote to the Olneyville, R. I., church, a young man of beautiful Christian character had just passed away. So when I suggested that a room might be a memorial for some person and the name appear on the door, the young people were only too ready to honor their dead comrade, so there will be a room in Lincoln Hall in memory of Edwin Clarence Brown. One other interesting thing about this room is that the mother of the young man requested that if, in the future, anything was needed for the room, she should be informed. I wish every one who furnished a room would pledge this perpetual care.

A few years ago there died in our village an old lady, who, her daughter tells me, was always interested in missions. In her old age she was cared for by the two daughters. Often did a tiny gold piece or some other cherished coin find its way into the hands of the treasurer of our local auxiliary. When too feeble to do any other work, she pieced patchwork. Two of these quilts were tied by our auxiliary and went to Harper's Ferry for the "Ruth P. Williams" room which was furnished by her two loving daughters, Mrs. Tinkham and Mrs. Hilton. In memory of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lowell, the South Danville church and auxiliary

furnished a room. The young people of the same church, remembering Lewis P. Clinton when he was among them, honored him with a room in Lincoln Hall, refurnishing the room which he occupied while a student there. Some of you were acquainted with Mrs. M. T. Lothrop of Pittsfield, Me. She was a true friend of the W. M. Society and it was fitting that Mrs. Taylor, of Pittsfield, should express the interest always manifest by her sister, in this act for Storer.

We are proud of our new Girls' Mission circle at Lawrence, Mass. In November, they sent to me their first annual report as an organization. There seemed to be in it a true missionary spirit, so I ventured to ask the girls if they would like to do something for Storer. After much consideration, they wrote me their decision, much pleased that they had been able to furnish a room. Speaking of the girls' mission band brings to mind the "King's Sons' Circle" of Portland, Me. This circle is composed of boys who still wear knee pants. One said in writing about them, "they have worked like heroes." Can we estimate the influence for good which these King's Sons must receive, by this one act for the boys at Storer?

I suppose the last work Mrs. E. E. Davis did for Storer was to help refurnish the "Davis Room." Our correspondence was very pleasant, expressing to the last her interest in the people among whom she lived and worked and by whom she was well beloved. How readily Vermont responded to the suggestion, that a room be furnished in memory of their missionary, Mrs. Dorcas Smith, and how this little act brings to mind the loving service of her, who loved the Woman's Missionary Society so many years!

I cannot stop till I have spoken of the "India" room. I wrote to Mrs. Stone, asking her to tell me what she knew of this room and to whom I might write concerning its refurnishing. When the answer came there was a check for \$20. How like Mrs. Stone! Winnebago Quarterly Meeting remembered Mrs. A. A. McKenney, who has been so faithful to our Western work, and Poland, N. Y., keeps in memory our "Sweet singer in Israel," Mrs. Ramsey.

It would take me all the afternoon to tell you the many interesting incidents which have made this work so delightful; suffice it to say, at the beginning of the school year, all the rooms in Myrtle Hall and half of those in Lincoln Hall will be complete.

The work is not all done. Lincoln Hall must be finished. Miss Sims' work in the sewing department can be helped by the addition of three sewing machines, indeed, this is a necessity. Miss Smith, superintendent of Myrtle Hall, said to me, "While the good spirit is working, I wish there could be placed in my room a writing desk." She has occa-

sion to take money from the students, and has not a place where it can be kept under lock and key.

There may be some here today who have not had a part in this good work. The door of opportunity is open, will you enter?

Is there not some society represented here, or some individual who wishes to pledge the money for a room, or a dresser, a sewing machine or the desk mentioned?

I am sure we can all say—"Long Live Storer College."

AN APPEAL

Everyone who has heard the reports from Storer College during the past year, can but be gratified with the interest manifested in our school. Those who have been working for Storer know the blessing which has come into their lives. We must not think that *all* has been done which is needed, in one short year; indeed, the very progress of the school demands that we keep pace and increase our interest and gifts. At the annual meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society, held in Lowell, Mass., Oct. 10 and 11, President McDonald presented a Plan (for Plans are in the air now) whereby the overflow of students which are pouring in upon him, may be provided for. I quote from his letter, "If students keep coming, we will soon have to refuse them, simply because we have filled up every place obtainable." The Plan is to enlarge Sinclair Cottage, a house near Myrtle Hall and now used for students who board themselves, fit up a sewing room for Miss Sims' classes, have dormitories for Senior girls, and to have Miss Sims then, as now, act as Superintendent. The transforming of this building would give just the work the boys need in the Industrial Department. The estimated cost of the change is \$2,000. The Woman's Missionary Society voted to give \$300 when the remainder is pledged. I am sure there are many who have furnished rooms during the past year, who will gladly continue their work and send in pledges, however small, for this much needed building.

A few more rooms in Lincoln Hall remain unfurnished. These are left for those who have not had the opportunity of giving during the past year. The writing desk which was solicited for Miss Smith's room in Myrtle Hall has been given. The donors are two stanch friends, Rev. N. C. Brackett and Mrs. G. C. Waterman. We feel sure of our building. It is a necessity. Will you help?

"Faith and Works Win,"

ALICE M. METCALF, *Rec. Sec.*



From the Field

PRAYER FOR OUR MISSIONARIES

Gracious Father, who sendest forth messengers of divine salvation, graciously grant, according to thy promise, to guard those journeying on land and sea, to deliver from sickness and weariness, to preserve in persecution and disappointment; to keep in perfect peace with minds stayed on thee. Anoint them with thy Holy Spirit, giving fulness of joy and greatly prospering their work for thee. Raise up for them at home and abroad, according to their great need, faithful and earnest laborers. Grant unto them a rich harvest in their fields, and a blessed reward here and hereafter. For the glory of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.—*The Christian Missionary.*

TO THE RETURNING MISSIONARIES

(Mrs. Hamlen and Miss Barnes)

BY MRS. MARY B. WINGATE

Dear Sisters, as you hear today
The Master's call and thus obey,
We gladly speed you on your way
With purpose true,
Oh "chosen vessels;" yours to take
The bread of life and freely break
To hungry souls, for his dear sake
Who died for you.

Go to your own, your chosen, land;
And back of you a faithful band
With willing heart and ready hand
Shall hold the ropes.
Still labor on in that dear field,
And when the harvest angels wield
The sickle keen, oh may it yield
Beyond your hopes.

Go seek for souls,—of far more worth
Than all the priceless gems of earth,
Go, win them to a heavenly birth,—
To heights above,
Go tell them of the Christ who died,
Go point them to the Crucified,—
The Comforter who will abide
In hearts of love.

Leave every burden that you bear,
With home and loved ones in His care,
While in His service you may share,
Be strong and true.
And he who called you in the way
And leads you on from day to day,
Your staff, your comfort and your stay,
Will care for you.

Pittsfield, Me.

TREASURER'S NOTES

The September days at Ocean Park, restful and invigorating have been especially appreciated after the intense activity of the summer months. There has been time enough to answer letters, write annual reports, and prepare resolutions, besides enjoying the aftermath of friendship particularly suited to the quiet of autumn days.

Miss Barnes is now in Maine, and we hope to welcome her at the "Hermitage" in a few days. She took a long trip in the West in August, in the interest of the Woman's Missionary Society, which must have been a successful one, judging by the amount of money which she collected.

Miss Helen A. Paine, Fairbank, Iowa, is the new State treasurer of Iowa, to whom all money for the Woman's Missionary Society should be forwarded. She has remitted \$25.60 for the work which belonged on last year's account but was received too late to be included in the annual report.

Mrs. Gates, quarterly meeting secretary of Winnebago, Quarterly Meeting Woman's Missionary Society, says that this society plans to raise its full apportionment. I hope this will be the aim of every auxiliary in every State—our working motto. In doing it don't forget that we are now working under the new Plan, as given in the October HELPER, and so great care should be exercised in specifying just how the contributions should be used particularly for the India field. Is the money for Miss Coombs, or Miss Butts, or Miss Barnes, or Miss Scott, or Miss Dawson, or Dr. Shirley Smith, or Dr. Mary Bachelor, or Kindergarten Missionary? Then be very careful to say so. It is hoped all these salaries will be paid by specified gifts. The same rule applies to gifts intended for support of children, zenana teachers, Bible women and schools. Also we all should remember that every dollar now given for the India work through the treasury of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society helps the work of the Free Baptist General Conference just so much, as the India work. It is now all one. Many have prayed for this, now let all such live for it.

Recently we received \$50 from the estate of Miss Abby D. Greene of Apponaug, R. I. It is pleasant to be remembered in this way by our friends. Your treasurer hopes that any one making a will in favor of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, the *incorporated name*, will consider the merits of the Susan Prescott Porter Fund, the income

only to be used for literature; the Kindergarten Fund, the income to be used for the Kindergarten Missionary work, and our \$100,000 Fund. According to our faith will these funds grow.

When I reached this point in these notes, I fell into a thinking mood, and I questioned what is to be the future of the Free Baptist Womans' Missionary Society? Untried ways open before us; this fact should not alarm us, and yet there still is the question, "What will be the results?" plainly that depends upon the spirit that actuates us as an organization, as we enter upon new duties. We know God has guided us in the past, and that because of it we are a much alive society today, so we believe He is guiding us still, even though we do not understand whither? If so, we have nothing to fear. It is better, infinitely better, to go with Him in the dark, than alone in the light.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treasurer.*

Ocean Park, Me.

(All money orders should be made payable at Dover, N. H.)

TALEBEARERS

It is told of Hannah More that she had a good way of managing talebearers. It is said that whenever she was told anything derogatory to another her invariable reply was: "Come, we will go and ask if this be true." The effect was sometimes ludicrously painful. The tale-bearer was taken aback, stammered out a qualification, or begged that no notice might be taken of the statement. But the good lady was inexorable; off she took the scandal monger to the scandalized to make inquiry and compare accounts. It is not likely that anybody ever a second time ventured to repeat a gossip story to Hannah More. One would think her method of treatment would be a sure cure for scandal. —*Selected.*

BUREAU OF MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE

The Bureau of Missionary Intelligence will send "Christus Redemptor," the text book on the Island World study, to parties wishing ten or more copies, at the rate of 25 cents for paper covers and 45 cents for cloth binding.

MRS. A. D. CHAPMAN,
12 Prescott St., Lewiston, Me.

Helps for Monthly Meetings

"With knowledge to supply the fuel, the Word and Spirit to add the spark, and prayer to fan the flame, missionary fires will be kindled, and souls will be set ablaze with holy zeal."



TOPICS FOR 1906-1907

October—Roll-call and Membership.

November—The Island World:

1. The Society, Hervey, Astral and Pearl Islands.

December— 2. Samoa, Tonga and Micronesia.

January— 3. The Hawaiian Islands.

February—Prayer and Praise.

March—Our Missions at Home.

April— 4. Fiji, The New Hebrides and Melanesia.

May—Thank-Offering.

June— 5. New Zealand, New Guinea and Malaysia.

July— 6. The Philippines.

August—Missionary Field Day.

September—Native Christians, Their Work and Gifts.

DECEMBER—Samoa, Tonga and Micronesia

("Christus Redemptor." Chapter II.)

Suggestive Program

"Sing unto the Lord a new song and His praise from the end of the earth, ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein; the isles and the inhabitants thereof."

SINGING.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READING—Contrast between Heathenism and Christianity.

Leader: 1 Kings 18: 26; Band: 1 Kings 18: 36, 38; Leader: Isa. 2: 8; Band: Isa. 65, 5; Leader: Jer. 2: 28; Band; Psalms 46: 1; Leader: Psalms 115: 4-7; Band: St. John 4: 24; Leader: Jer. 10: 5; Band: Psalms 115: 3; Leader: Isa 46: 7; Band: Psalms 139: 7-10; Leader: Isa. 41: 29; Band: Job 12: 13; Leader: Isa. 46: 7; Band: Psalms 34: 15; Leader: Psalms 45: 20; Band: Psalms 119: 130; Leader: Isa. 40: 17; Band: Psalms 125: 1; Leader: Psalms 9: 17; Band: St. John 10: 28; Leader: Deut. 32: 31; Band: Deut. 32: 4; Leader: Eph. 2: 12; Band: Psalms 144: 15.—*Missionary Messenger.*

PRAYER.

ROLL CALL—Respond with a *very brief* description of one specimen of the flora or fauna of the island world. (See Botanical Notes, page 14 of text book.)

GENERAL MAP REVIEW.

THE STORY OF THE ISLANDS, briefly told, *a.* Samoa; *b.* Tongo; *c.* Micronesia; *d.* Pitcairn. Their situation—refer to map—appearance, climate, people, political difficulties, missionaries and the progress of Christianity. (Use the pictures 1-7, 9 B., with descriptions, wherever they will serve to illustrate the lesson.)

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, one of the missionary heroes mentioned in this chapter. (See the set of Reference Books. A sketch of Robert W. Logan may be found in "Great Missionaries of the Church." If these, or other references, are not available, a paper on "Mission Ships" may be substituted. A leaflet on Mission Ships will be furnished for two cents by Mrs. Chapman.)

CLOSING PRAYER AND HYMN.

SIDE LIGHTS—Articles on "Missionary Work in Guam," in *The Missionary Review of the World* for July, 1906. Leaflet, "The Story of the Islands," furnished by Mrs. Chapman for two cents.

"Keep on sowing;
God will cause the seed to grow
Faster than your knowing.
Nothing e'er is sown in vain
If, his voice obeying,
You look upward for the rain,
And falter not in praying.

Keep on praying,
In the brightest, darkest day
Still his voice obeying.
Never from the gates of prayer
Then with doubting sorrow,
For the One that standeth there
May answer you to-morrow."

Joy Among the Khassi Hills.—The revival among the Khassi Hill people connect with the Welsh mission in Assam has taken the form of the most intense joy in knowing Jesus Christ and His work. Rev. J. Pengwern Jones writes from Assam to the Madras Patriot of July 15:—"The revival in its present form cannot last, but the effect of it will never be effaced, *never!*"

THE MISSIONARY HELPER BRANCH

OF THE

International Sunshine Society

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on.

ALL letters, packages, or inquiries concerning this page, or Sunshine work, should be addressed to Mrs. Rivington D. Lord, 593 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., president of this branch.



SUNSHINE MOTTO

"In this life there is but one sure happiness, to live for others." Sent in by a shut-in member, Mrs. Jennie E. Boucher.

INDIA FUND

Our India Fund is started again, as a New Hampshire sister sent in her mite. This fund will run through the winter months, so the gifts may be sent in at any time. We hope by spring to have a goodly amount as a sunshine offering to send to our workers in this far away land. This sister was also the first to send in an article, a dainty handkerchief, for the Fair to be held for the benefit of the Sunshine Day Nursery.

The following are some of the things that a California family have done in the name of sunshine; they have sent a motherless child to a kindergarten, cheered a bereaved household, supplied comfort bags, and other helps, to the San Francisco needy ones. This family consist of our beloved Mrs. E. B. Cheney, her daughter, Mrs. C. N. Thomas, and two grand daughters, Celeste and Emelyn, who recently did a very sunshiny act when they invited a poor girl, who has a hard time in life, to enjoy a dolls party with them.

Miss Augusta A. Garland has passed on reading matter, leaflets and cards.

A number of postage stamps from a member, "sent that a few rays of sunshine may go where it is needed." Our youngest member, Laura May Brown, has just passed her first mile stone in life's journey. She has been a member since she was one month old and her sunshiny mother, Mrs. C. N. Brown, has just given one dollar as dues for this little sunbeam.

Two of our workers who live in Bristol, N. H., report many kind deeds. Miss Minnie Stevens has written I. S. S. letters and given ten cents. Mrs. Harry Wood has sent a number of Sunday School papers and cards to an Orphan Asylum, which is in need of this kind of sunshine.

A package of worsted has been received. This will be made into bed shoes and passed on to an invalid. Mrs. A. B. Webber writes, "I read the sunshine reports with interest, and am sure that the giver as well as the receiver is blest."

There has been a change in the address of Mrs. F. W. Craft; it is now No. 63 Water St., Medford, Mass., instead of St. John, N. B.

We are pleased to welcome into our membership Mrs. Arthur Silloway of Maynard, Mass., who is doing beautiful sunshine work among the aged.

CHRISTMAS NOTICE

This timely holiday notice is given that all may send in some little gift, or a postage stamp to start the gift on its journey of good cheer. No matter how small or inexpensive the article it will be gladly received, as the tiny present may carry a big ray of sunshine into some lonely home.

Practical Christian Living

"We should not be satisfied with a religion in the *mind* of man, but should have something that we continually give vital expression to in our daily life."

❖ ❖ ❖

OUR QUIET HOUR

(10 A. M.)

"No distant Lord have I,
Loving apart to be,
Made flesh for me, He cannot rest,
Until He rests in me.

Brother in joy or pain,
Bone of my bone is He,
More than my nearest, closest friend,
He dwells Himself in me."

THE THOUGHT LIFE

There should be thanksgiving to God for sending into our consciousness bright and beautiful thoughts as for any other benediction. By prayer that our thoughts may be directed into loftier channels; by conversation on high themes with spiritual-minded people; by a careful selection of the best reading—ruling out the cheap and sensational and taking the solid and approved literature of "the Immortals"—by daily communion with the Holy Scriptures and frequent perusal of the most classic devotional books, we may make our thought-life like that fair garden in Jesus' heart—fairer than any earthly landscape, having nothing noxious or foul growing in it. The words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts will be acceptable in God's sight. Every thought will be brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. We shall be transformed by the renewing of our minds. The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep our hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

Far different from the conception of religion as a ceremonial—an outward form or ritual—is this mysterious inward work of the Spirit, affecting the very issues of the heart. The conquest of the thoughts is the highest achievement of Christianity. Though the body may be enslaved, imprisoned, tortured, slain, no earthly power can control the thoughts of a man. They are still free. They can not be coerced. If our holy religion can come in and do its supreme work in this inner sanctuary, then all outer life may be safely left to take care of itself.

It is too often conceived that actions are the only things virtuous or vicious—that no moral character adheres in thoughts. It is true that society can not punish thoughts, but only overt deeds of evil. But Jesus rightly taught that out of the heart proceeded all crimes and vices; so the ultimate moral values and responsibilities are there, and every man knows for himself whether back of all his active and outer life which the world sees, he is weak or strong, generous or mean.

And there may be a danger that in our present-day Christian activity we unduly extol action, the incessant doing of things in churchly and benevolent activities. We may possibly cultivate a bustling energy to the neglect of that needful introspection and heart-searching which characterized David, Bunyan, Baxter and the Wesleys. Well for us if we shall say: "How precious are Thy thoughts to me, O God! I hate vain thoughts, but Thy law I love."

"Who lifts his thoughts to God will never sink
Far 'neath the level of what he dares to think."

He can say: "In the multitude of Thy thoughts within me, Thy comforts shall delight my soul." Christianity will furnish him with great themes for contemplation—God, Christ, Humanity, Salvation, Eternity. He never need be "triflingly employed." Things true, honest, just, pure, lovely—he may ever think on these. "Thought is the measure of life." "Guard well thy thought: our thought is heard in heaven."—*The Parish Visitor*.

THE ISABEL EMERY SCHOLARSHIP

BY MINNA STANWOOD.

Miss Hilton looked her meeting over anxiously. In the two years of her presidency she had never become used to Corinne Lester's whispering. Corinne was whispering now.

Miss Hilton tapped softly with her gavel. "What shall we do about it, girls—ah—young ladies?" she asked, with a fine assumption of authority. She really had no authority, she felt, when Corinne Lester was whispering. She was troubled about the scholarship.

"You know," she went on, her voice gathering a thrill in spite of herself, "you know how it is. We planned it four years ago, when our hearts were touched by the sacrifice Isabel Emery made to go to India. She was one of us—pretty, talented, cultivated—just the girl to shine in society at home. She gave it all up because she said the Master had called her to India."

Miss Hilton's voice began to flag. She felt, somehow, that she was only delaying the decision—the decision she could not bear. Just then there was a movement at the door. A little, bent old woman hobbled in and stood listening with serious attention. At sight of her the president

gathered courage. Mother Trask had never come to a Young Woman's meeting before. Perhaps, oh, perhaps, the Lord had sent her for such a time as this! Miss Hilton stopped speaking, and bowed to the little old woman. Then eager hands were reached out to guide her to a comfortable chair in front.

"You remember," went on the president, not caring now that she might be accused of trying to influence her meeting, instead of merely presiding over it; not caring even that Corinne was whispering again, behind the screen of her slim, well-gloved hand, "You remember, girls, how Isabel used to say that it seemed to her that in the pictures of the starving little famine children, reaching their shadowy hands for food, she could seem to see the hands of her dear little sister who died. We all knew how Isabel loved that little sister, how her grief nearly threatened her health, until she decided to give her life to India. Then she was calm and hopeful. You know she said that we girls had our parents and relatives who needed us, but that she had only little Frances, and that because Frances was safe she must go where other little girls were in mortal suffering. You know how she lived only one year after she went to India. It is not ours to discuss the wisdom of her sacrifice, it is ours to remember that she made it, and to remember that four years ago, with broken hearts and tearful eyes, we pledged ourselves to a scholarship to perpetuate Isabel's memory, and to carry on in this small way the work to which she would so gladly have given a long, active life, if it had been hers to give. I am only reminding you, girls."

The silence was becoming painful. Then Corinne Lester rustled up. She gave her plumed hat a little toss, as she said:

"Miss President, I am sure we all remember the circumstances of our pledging that scholarship very well, and if it were possible for us to continue to pay the forty dollars a year, I, for one, would be only too happy. But let me remind you, young ladies, that for two years now we have had a hard time to raise that forty dollars. There are so many demands upon us in the church, and in social ways, that really I feel that we must call a halt somewhere."

"Miss President," Jenny Frost jumped up quickly, "I agree with Miss Lester. It seems to me that every year there's more and more. I know they need help in India, and everywhere else, but I say, let the rich churches give it. We are not a rich church, and some of us have to work hard for our money, and it costs so much more to make a decent appearance now-a-days, that I'm not in favor of sending so much money away."

"Madame President." It was Eva Andrews' calm, judicial voice. "I always believe in weighing the testimony on both sides. You, Madam President, have presented the sentimental side most ably, and Miss Lester and Miss Frost have presented the practical side most convincingly. I say, it is not dignified for us to be scrambling for money for that scholarship as we have scrambled for it these two years, and if the forty dollars cannot be raised in a dignified manner, with free good-will, I think we might better let the scholarship lapse."

"Miss Andrews," spoke the president, feeling that the ground was slipping from beneath her feet, "will you please suggest some better way of raising our money than that we have employed in the past?"

"Madam President," responded Miss Andrews, with bland indifference, "I have no suggestion to offer, thank you."

Miss Hilton drew a little sigh. Why such lethargy? Had she been unfaithful to her great trust as leader of these bright girls? She could not—could not call for a motion yet. Was there no help?

There was a sound from Mother Trask's armchair. The old lady was putting her cane on the floor and slowly raising herself to her feet. She stood looking at the girls, her wrinkled, kindly face strong with the record of long, purposeful years.

"Girls," she said, "I love you. I want to help you. I know it's hard to raise money. For seventy-eight years I've heard that it's hard to raise money for God's work. We sacrifice, most of us, and we pray. I know you girls came from your knees to this meeting. I did. I said, 'Dear Lord, help those girls to be true to themselves, help them to see their privileges.'"

"Dear girls, you don't remember my John. Some of you never saw him. Thirty-two years ago he went out to India. Thirty-two years ago today. I thought I would come and keep the anniversary with you. He was a fine young fellow of twenty-five then. He was all I had, and I gave him to the Lord's work in India. For twenty splendid years he did hero work there, and then—God called him up higher."

"When he had been in India ten years he came home to spend a little time with his mother, and he brought with him a beautiful cabinet that was given him by a wealthy rajah, whose son my John cured of a severe sickness. You have all seen that cabinet. A rich woman once offered me a hundred dollars for it, and she would be glad to buy it now, I think. I thought to keep it, for John's sake, until my death, but if the Lord needs it now, I will give it to Him cheerfully. I love you, girls. I loved sweet Isabel Emery—she was one of my Sunday-school girls—and for her sake, and for your sakes, and for the honor of the Young Woman's Society of First Church, I present to you that Indian cabinet to be sold for the perpetuation of the Isabel Emery Scholarship. May God in His infinite love abundantly bless and prosper you?"

As one in a dream Miss Hilton stood and watched the bent old lady settle herself down into her armchair. Then she raised her eyes and looked at the meeting. There were tears in her eyes, but she did not care for that. There was a lump in her throat—how could she speak? What should she say?

"Miss President!" Back in the room a tall, brown-haired girl arose. There were tears in her eyes, too, but there was a ring of determination in her voice. Marion Drake's indifference had been one of the hard things Miss Hilton had been called upon to bear.

"I say, shame to the girls of First Church!" exclaimed the clear

young voice. "I am ashamed of myself! We cannot accept Mother Trask's offer. For thirty-two years she has been sacrificing, and perhaps we may think she is used to it. But let some of the rest of us get used to it. I say, let's give Mother Trask a rising vote of thanks, and let's make her an honorary member of the Young Woman's Society, but let's do our own sacrificing. I was anxious to get out of this meeting, because I wanted to go down town and buy a lot of stuff to make a new kind of sofa pillow. It was going to cost three dollars and fifty cents, and we've got ten sofa pillows at home, now. I give three dollars and fifty cents to the Isabel Emery Scholarship."

Down to the president's table walked Marion Drake and deposited her money. With her brown eyes snapping, and a flush on her pretty round cheeks, she leaned forward impulsively and dropped a kiss upon Mother Trask's upturned forehead.

"Miss President," the school teacher's voice had a different note. "I was going to buy a pair of white gloves for the high school reception, but I will have my old ones cleaned, and give the dollar and a half to the Isabel Emery Scholarship."

There was a rustle of silken skirts, and Corinne Lester addressed the chair.

"Nobody has seconded Marion Drake's motion, I believe. I second it now. I never realized—how much—how much—some give up for the sake of helping others, until I saw Mother Trask standing here before us this afternoon. Of course I have known her all my life, and have heard her speak many times, but I never realized before how much she has sacrificed. To be all alone, and crippled with rheumatism, at seventy-eight, when she might have had a strong man to do for her—think of it! Girls, I thank her personally for this lesson. I shall never forget it. Papa gave me a check this morning—I wanted to give a little luncheon for our Browning Club—but now I give that twenty dollars to the Isabel Emery Scholarship."

"Girls, that makes twenty-five dollars for our scholarship," said Miss Hilton, softly, as Corinne rustled down into her seat again. She might whisper to her heart's content after this, thought the happy little president.

"Madam President," Eva Andrews' business-like tones fell gratefully upon tingling nerves. "It has been demonstrated to me that we can raise the Isabel Emery Scholarship. I will give one dollar. And I request that those who have not already agreed to make some sacrifice, and are ready to agree now, to please rise."

Fifteen girls sprang to their feet.

As they stood, Mother Trask reached forth her two twisted hands in happy blessing, and with face alight lifted up her trembling old voice to sing,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Woman's Missionary Friend.

Words from Home Workers

"The most fortunate men and women are those who have worthy work to do, and who do it because they love it."



TO A WELL KNOWN WORKER

While en route for the annual meeting of the Maine F. B. W. M. S. at Bangor, a pleasing incident worth recording came our way. In connection with an inquiry concerning our beloved Advisory Committee, Mrs. Mary R. Wade, reference was made to her dear face as seen at Ocean Park, when one exclaimed, "Oh, if I were only a poet!" On the spur of the moment, Mrs. Fultz of Portland wrote the following poem which was read, in connection with a greeting from Mrs. Wade, at the meeting. It was duly appreciated and the request was made that the poem be sent to *THE HELPER* to be inserted in an early issue.

R. M. F. BUZZELL, *Secretary.*

Framed in a white straw bonnet
With strings tied under her chin
Was the dearest, sweetest old lady
That our vision had taken in.
Her cheeks were red as the roses,
Her smile as bright as the day,
And you could but feel as you met her
That you wished she would always stay.

What was the secret of sweetness
Upon the dear old face
Making it young in its gladness?
Nothing but God's free grace.
Early she sought the Saviour
And the love to her He had given
She had meted out to others,
Making of earth a heaven.

Pure as the ties of her bonnet
Was the heart that beat within,
Making her life all sunshine
Free from the taints of sin.
May brightness follow her pathway
All the way down to the shore;
And the golden gates be opened
For her entrance—evermore.

MYRA J. FULTZ.

Juniors



THANKSGIVING HYMN

Praise God for wheat, so white and sweet, Of which to make our bread!	Praise God for winter's store of ice! Praise God for summer's heat!
Praise God for yellow corn, with which His waiting world is fed!	Praise God for fruit trees bearing seed— "To you it is for meat!"
Praise God for fish and flesh and fowl, He gave to man for food!	Praise God for all the bounty free By which the world is fed!
Praise God for every creature which He made, and called it good!	Praise God, His children all, to whom He gives their daily bread!

—Selected.

Junior Program

"A Cruise in the Island World." (Chapter II. Planting the Banner of the Cross.)

MEMORY VERSE—"Give glory unto the Lord, and declare His praise in the islands."—Isa. 42: 12.

OPENING HYMN—(See "Missionary Songs and Hymns for Children," page 2.)

RESPONSIVE READING—Psalm 135: 13-21.

Leader. Thy name, O Lord, endureth forever;

Response. Thy memorial, O Lord, throughout all generations.

Leader. The idols of the heathen are silver and gold, the work of men's hands.

Response. They have mouths, but they speak not;

Leader. Eyes have they, but they see not;

Response. They have ears, but they hear not;

Leader. Neither is there any breath in their mouths.

Response. They that make them are like unto them;

Leader. So is every one that trusteth in them.

Response. Bless the Lord, O house of Israel:

Leader. Bless the Lord, O house of Aaron:

Response. Bless the Lord, O house of Levi:

Leader. Ye that fear the Lord, bless ye the Lord.

Response. Blessed be the Lord out of Zion, which dwelleth at Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

PRAYER BY SUPERINTENDENT, followed by sentence prayers by members.

SINGING—"We Praise Thee, O God," one stanza.

SUPERINTENDENT—In this Thanksgiving season what may we all say as we think of the good things our Father gives us?

A JUNIOR ANSWERS BY RECITING, "Thanksgiving Hymn."

THANKSGIVING OFFERING.

SINGING—"The Cross our Banner." (See Missionary Songs, etc., page 7.)

THE LESSON—"A Cruise in the Island World." Chapter II. Planting the Banner of the Cross.

Use map of the world and local map of Island World, with all the pictures possible. The leader introduces the lesson, then the story of each group of islands is told by five well prepared Juniors. Have another Junior tell the story of the life of John Williams up to the time he became a missionary. Trace the progress of the gospel on the map and frequently repeat the new names.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

RECITATION IN CONCERT—"Thanksgiving All the Year." (Written on blackboard or read from HELPER.)

"For dear native land, for churches and schools,
For friends, and for homes full of cheer;
If I counted the blessings that come every day,
Thanksgiving would last all the year."

NOTE—Send to Mrs. A. D. Chapman, 12 Prescott St., Lewiston, Me., for all supplies. Text book, "A Cruise in the Island World," 20 cents. Interesting leaflet for children about John Williams, 2 cents. Set of 25 pictures, 25 cents. Large, fine wall map, 50 cents.

Contributions

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for September, 1906

MAINE

Brownfield Aux.	\$ 3 00
Ft Fairfield, Mrs A's T O	55
Garland Ch by Mrs Hill	1 00
Ocean Park Aux, Miss L. Knight, \$2.00, Room Storer; \$2.00 Mrs Arter; \$1.00 dues	5 00
Ocean Park, Toilers-by-the-Sea	2 00
Parsonsfield Q M	3 50
Portland on L M fee F B Berry	5 00
Springfield Q M Aux, Miss Coombs	4 00
So Parsonsfield Aux dues	2 00
Mrs J A Chatto 1 sh MISSIONARY HELPER	3 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Bethlehem, Mrs Ella M Foss	\$ 1 00
Dover Hills Home & F M Soc'y, F W & E E Demeritte zen teacher at Balasore	12 50
Ditto int, Littlefield Fund	30 00
London Aux for Miss Butts	5 00
New Hampton Aux, Storer	5 00
No Woodstock Primary S S Class for Miss Barnes	1 00
New Durham Aux	8 00
New Durham L L B	75
Strafford 2nd Ch Aux	5 00
Wilmot Flats Ch	5 00
Whitefield C R	1 25
E A T N, Miss Butts	2 00

VERMONT

Enosburg Falls Jrs for Miss Barnes	\$ 4 00
Sheffield 1st Ch for Dr Smith	1 00
Starksboro Women for Dr Smith	4 85

MASSACHUSETTS

Lynn Aux, T O and on L M, Mrs M A Dame for Satya, zen teacher, at Mid	4 25
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RHODE ISLAND

Apponaug bequest of Miss Abby D Greene	\$ 50 00
Providence, Park St Ch children for K W	12 00

NOTE—The Light Bearer's money of Pawtucket, R I Ch con, Miss Lavina Cheek, L M.

NEW YORK

Springville F B Jr Soc'y for Miss Barnes	\$ 1 80
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OHIO

South Ridge Miss Soc'y dues	\$ 3 00
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MICHIGAN

Battle Creek, Harriet Phillips Stone, \$10.00 Miss Barnes; \$10.00 Dr Mary Bachelor; \$5.00 Literature	\$ 25 00
Michigan W M S special for Western wk	2 00

MINNESOTA

Brainard W M S of Granada,—C R Offer- ing	\$ 5 00
Houston Jrs, Miss Barnes	4 00
Huntley W M S	15 00
Madelia W M S T O for Miss Scotts' sal'y Winnebago Q M, W M S for Miss Scotts' salary	9 80 4 60

IOWA

Aurora Jrs	\$ 05
Aurora Miss Soc'y for Miss Scott	1 75
Central City for Miss Scott	5 00
Edgewood for Miss Scott	6 00
Fairbank Aux for Miss Scott	7 30
Lamont, Lavonn Lothman C R for Miss Scott	50
Y M Coll for Miss Scott	5 00

SOUTH DAKOTA

Sioux Falls, F B S S, F M	\$ 1 75
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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

Coaticooke, O M Moulton	\$ 5 00
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MISCELLANEOUS

Sinclair Mem'l	\$ 1 68
Int Mother Hills Fund for F M	10 00
Inc, Inc Fund	20 00
From Western Friend for Miss Barnes	15 00

Total. \$330 85

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.

Ocean Park, Me.

Per E. R. PORTER, Asst. Treas.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath the sum of ——— to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, a corporation of the State of Maine.